L
54
39
16
1888

Cornell University Library
ML 54.S94G6 1888
The golden legend /
3 1924 018 639 579
mus

CRYSTAL PALACE.

PROGRAMME

OF THE SIXTH

SATURDAY CONCERT,

NOVEMBER 17*th*, 1888.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S DRAMATIC CANTATA,

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

Words adapted by JOSEPH BENNETT from Longfellow's Poem.

VOCALISTS:

MISS EMILY SPADA.

MADAME BELLE COLE.

MR. EDWARD LLOYD.

MR. BARRINGTON FOOTE.

MR. ANDREW BLACK.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE CHOIR.

THE FULL ORCHESTRA OF THE SATURDAY CONCERTS.

ORGAN: MR. ALFRED J. EYRE.

CONDUCTOR - - MR. AUGUST MANNS.

It is requested that all attending these Concerts will be seated before Three o'clock in consideration of the comfort of those desirous of hearing the first piece; also that any one desirous of entering or leaving during the Concert will do so between the pieces.

Numbered Stall in Area or Gallery, Half-a-Crown; Unnumbered Seats, One Shilling.

HENSHAW RUSSELL, *Manager.*

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

THE GREATEST OF ALL PIANOFORTES.

THE STEINWAY PIANOFORTES.

NEW YORK AND LONDON.

GOLD MEDAL, INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, 1885.
GOLD MEDAL, SOCIETY OF ARTS, 1886.

STEINWAY & SONS are the only Manufacturers who make all component parts of their Pianofortes, exterior and interior (including the casting of the full Metal Frames), in their own Factories.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.

CHLORODYNE

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE,
is the best remedy known for **Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma.**
effectually checks and arrests those too often fatal diseases—Diphtheria, Fever, Croup, Ague.
acts like a charm in Diarrhœa, and is the only specific in Cholera and Dysentery.
effectually cuts short all attacks of Epilepsy, Hysteria, Palpitation, and Spasms.
is the only palliative in Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Cancer, Toothache, Meningitis, &c.

CAUTION.—BEWARE OF PIRACY AND IMITATIONS.

CAUTION.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was, undoubtedly, the Inventor of CHLORODYNE; that the story of the Defendant FREEMAN was deliberately untrue, which, he regretted to say, had been sworn to.—See *Times*, 13th July, 1864.

Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d. each. None is genuine without the words "Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE" on the Government Stamp. Overwhelming Medical Testimony accompanies each bottle.

Sole Manufacturer: J. T. DAVENPORT, 33, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, London.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP.

Recommended by the entire Medical Faculty. Invaluable for the Nursery.

PROTECTS FROM FEVER, SCARLATINA, MEASLES, AND SMALL-POX.

UNEQUALLED FOR THE COMPLEXION.
Unrivalled as a Toilet Soap.
A LUXURY FOR THE BATH.
Sold by all Chemists, Patent Medicine Vendors, Perfumers.

Purchase Wright's Soap only; refuse all other Tar Soaps which are spurious and worthless.

Tablets, 6d. & 1s. each, and Boxes, 1s. 6d. & 3s. each.

"It is the only true antiseptic Soap."—*British Medical Journal.*
In our hands it has proved most effective in Skin Diseases."—*Lancet.*

Proprietors and Manufacturers—
W. V. WRIGHT & CO., Southwark, London, S.E.

NOTICE.

MADAME NORDICA being detained in America on important private business, it is impossible for her to keep her engagement to sing in "The Golden Legend" To-day.

MISS EMILY SPADA has kindly undertaken, at very short notice, to take the part of "Elsie" in the place of MADAME NORDICA.

Cornell University Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

http://www.archive.org/details/cu31924018639579

SIXTH SATURDAY CONCERT,

NOVEMBER 17th, 1888.

PROGRAMME.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S DRAMATIC CANTATA,

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

(Words adapted by JOSEPH BENNETT from Longfellow's Poem.)

Prologue.

Lucifer (MR. BARRINGTON FOOTE), and CHORUS.

Solo and Chorus ... ... "Hasten, hasten."

Scene I.

Prince Henry (MR. E. LLOYD), Lucifer (MR. BARRINGTON FOOTE), and CHORUS.

Solo ... ... "I cannot sleep."
Duet ... ... "All hail, Prince Henry."
Solo (and Chorus of Female Voices) "Through every vein."

Scene II.

Elsie (MISS EMILY SPADA), Ursula (MADAME BELLE COLE), Prince Henry (MR. E. LLOYD), and CHORUS.

Introduction and Solo ... ... "Slowly, slowly."
Chorus ... ... Evening Hymn, "O gladsome light."
Duet ... ... "Who was it said Amen?"
Solo ... ... "My Redeemer and my Lord."

Scene III.

Elsie (MISS EMILY SPADA), Prince Henry (MR. E. LLOYD), Lucifer (MR. BARRINGTON FOOTE), and CHORUS.

Duet ... ... "Onward and onward."
Chorus } ... ... { "Me receptet Sion illa."
Solo } { "Here am I too."
Solo ... ... "It is the sea."
Solo and Chorus ... ... "The night is calm and cloudless."

Scene IV.

Elsie (MISS EMILY SPADA), Prince Henry (MR. E. LLOYD), Lucifer (MR. BARRINGTON FOOTE), and CHORUS.

Ensemble ... ... "My guests approach."

Scene V.

Ursula (MADAME BELLE COLE), and a Forester (MR. ANDREW BLACK).

Recitative ... ... "Who is it coming?"
Solo ... ... "Virgin, who lovest the poor and lowly."

Scene VI.

Elsie (MISS EMILY SPADA), and Prince Henry (MR. E. LLOYD).

Duet ... ... "We are alone."

Epilogue.

Chorus ... ... "God sent His messenger, the rain."

AUGUST MANNS, CONDUCTOR.

NOVELLO'S SERIES OF THE WORDS OF ORATORIOS, CANTATAS, &c.
FOR THE USE OF CHORAL SOCIETIES.

THE GOLDEN LEGEND

ADAPTED FROM THE POEM OF

LONGFELLOW

BY

JOSEPH BENNETT

AND SET TO MUSIC BY

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

BOOK OF WORDS

WITH

ANALYTICAL NOTES BY JOSEPH BENNETT.

Price One Shilling.

LONDON & NEW YORK
NOVELLO, EWER AND CO.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
The Words are used by Permission of, and by Special Arrangement with, Messrs. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. Boston, Publishers of Mr. Longfellow's works.

CORNELL
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

PROLOGUE.

The Spire of Strasburg Cathedral. Night and storm. LUCIFER, *with the Powers of the Air, trying to tear down the Cross.*

LUCIFER.

Hasten! Hasten!
O ye spirits!
From its station drag the ponderous
Cross of iron, that to mock us
Is uplifted high in air!

VOICES.

O, we cannot;
For around it
All the saints and guardian angels
Throng in legions to protect it;
They defeat us everywhere!

THE BELLS.

Laudo Deum verum!
Plebem voco!
Congrego clerum!

LUCIFER.

Lower! Lower!
Hover downward!
Seize the loud vociferous bells, and
Clashing, clanging, to the pavement
Hurl them from their windy tower.

VOICES.

All thy thunders
Here are harmless!
For these bells have been anointed
And baptized with holy water!
They defy our utmost power.

THE BELLS.

Defunctos ploro!
Pestem fugo!
Festa decoro.

LUCIFER.

Shake the casements!
Break the painted
Panes, that flame with gold and crimson:
Scatter them like leaves of Autumn,
Swept away before the blast!

VOICES.

O, we cannot;
The Archangel
Michael flames from every window,
With the sword of fire that drove us,
Headlong, out of heaven, aghast!

THE BELLS.

Funera plango!
Fulgura frango!
Sabbata pango!

LUCIFER.

Aim your lightnings
At the oaken,
Massive, iron studded portals!
Sack the house of God, and scatter
Wide the ashes of the dead!

VOICES.

O, we cannot;
The Apostles
And the Martyrs, wrapped in mantles,
Stand as warders at the entrance,
Stand as sentinels o'erhead!

THE BELLS.

Excito lentos!
Dissipo ventos!
Paco cruentos!

LUCIFER.

Baffled! Baffled!
Inefficient,
Craven spirits! leave this labour
Unto Time, the great Destroyer;
Come away, ere night is gone!

VOICES.

Onward! onward!
With the night-wind,
Over field, and farm, and forest,
Lonely homestead, darksome hamlet,
Blighting all we breathe upon.

[*They sweep away. Organ and Gregorian Chant.*

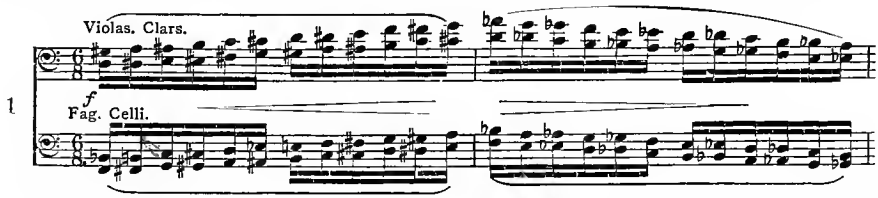
CHOIR.

Nocte surgentes
Vigilemus omnes.

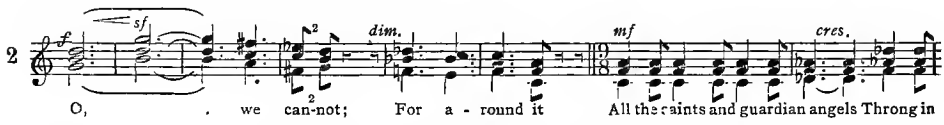
For the illustration of this scene the composer gathers to himself ample resources. The Powers of the Air are represented by the female chorus, the male voices sing the music of the Bells and of the Choir, and the orchestra includes, in addition to its regular members, a piccolo, bass clarinet, contrafagotto, two cornets, and a set of four bells specially cast for the work they have to do.

The Prologue opens with an orchestral representation of the storm that rages around the Cathedral. For such a picture the means employed must almost of necessity be

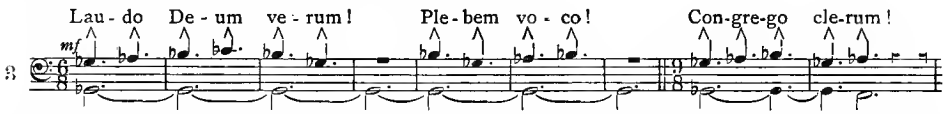
more or less conventional, and here we have, breaking in upon the *tremolando* of the violins and the sustained high notes of the woodwind, those rushes up and down the chromatic scale which are generally approved under such circumstances. The composer succeeds in obtaining a complex noise, and it may be well to show how he does it :—



With the effect thus indicated, the movement proceeds till *Lucifer's* voice is heard above the murmuring strings, the lugubrious low notes of the clarinets and the soft chords of the trombones. The Spirits make answer in three-part harmony, supported by flutes, oboes, and clarinets, the strings meanwhile keeping up the storm effect. Beyond question the vocal music here is well studied. There is in it the accent of distress and despair arising from a sense of impotence—



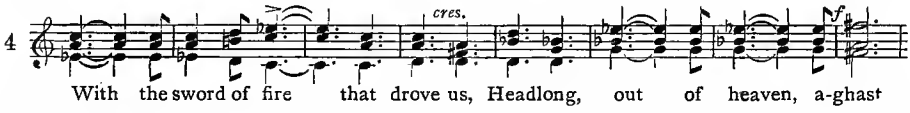
When this dies away the Voices of the Bells are heard, the chorus basses uttering the words in unison with their tones, the bass strings and the bass clarinet (with a sustained G flat) furnishing the sole accompaniment—



This completes one section of the piece, as a glance at the structure of the poetry shows, and now we have again *Lucifer's* injunction, the answer of the Spirits, and the solemn outcry of the Bells. The musical plan is also repeated with variations only in tonality and orchestral detail. But the Bell music remains ever the same, and by its passionless mechanical character supplies a vivid contrast to surroundings.

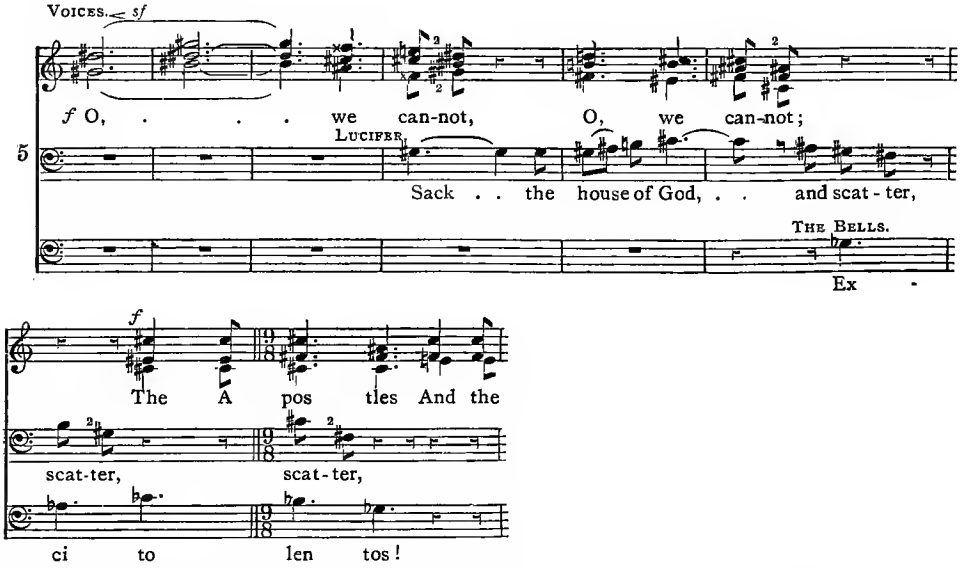
A third time does the poetic and musical plan unfold itself with more strenuous effect than before. As *Lucifer* cries " Break the painted panes," the storm rages louder ; the brass instruments and bass drum join in the hurly-burly, and the rushing scale passages are more continuous. Other orchestral changes help to secure variety, without inter-

fering with the outline, but an important departure from the model occurs when the Spirits give their third answer, "O, we cannot; the Archangel Michael flames from every window." There is no episode in $\frac{9}{8}$ measure. Instead thereof we have a steady advance to a climax of anguish and terror—

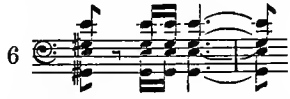


which intensifies the wonted contrast of the chime—now heard upon a dominant pedal (C sharp, enharmonic equivalent of D flat).

The fourth section, beginning "Aim your lightnings," brings with it a wider departure from the original construction, though the main characteristics of the music are unaffected. All the musical elements heretofore introduced singly are now presented together in the manner shown below—

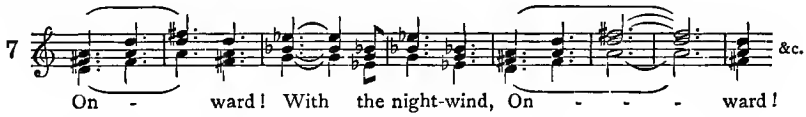


As this *ensemble* comes to an end, the trumpets, cornets, and trombones blaze forth with triumphant rhythm—

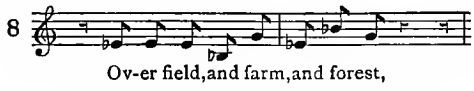


this alone, with a string *tremolando*, accompanying *Lucifer's* cry "Baffled! baffled!"

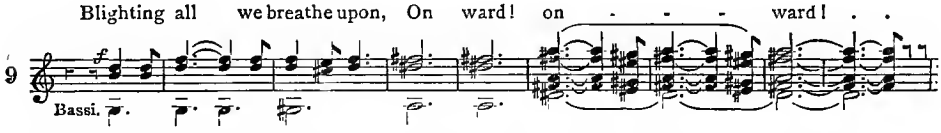
The ensuing chorus of Spirits "Onward! with the night-wind" is more prolonged than any other; but the general character of the Prologue music is carefully adhered to. Still the storm rages, and still the composer indulges in the free transitions from key to key, upon which depends so much of the effect he aims at producing. An example is found in the opening bars of the chorus—



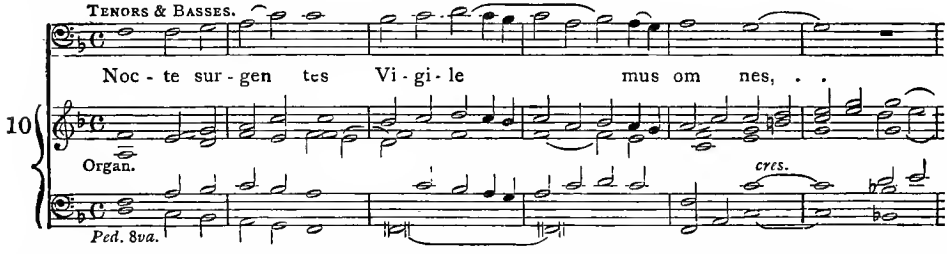
At this point a change of rhythm occurs—



preparatory to a climax which ends the vocal music of the scene—



The orchestra is now at the height of its storm, but when the consecrated bells again clash out, the noise begins to subside, and the tumult gradually dies away till only the murmur of a double-bass *tremolando* remains. Then with fine contrast of style, colour, and suggestiveness, the organ enters (*Andante maestoso*, F major, C) and we hear a short introduction to the choral hymn "Nocte surgentes," which consists of a single "sentence," twice repeated, and followed by a cadence. It is sung by all the male voices in unison—



So ends a vivid and striking musical scene, in which the composer handles his materials with a freedom and sense of mastery productive of results all can appreciate.

SCENE I.

The Castle of Vautsberg on the Rhine. A chamber in a tower. PRINCE HENRY *sitting alone, ill, and restless. Midnight.*

PRINCE HENRY.

I cannot sleep! my fevered brain
Calls up the vanished Past again,
And throws its misty splendours deep
Into the pallid realms of sleep!
Rest, rest! O give me rest and peace!
The thought of life that ne'er shall cease
Has something in it like despair,
A weight I am too weak to bear!
Sweeter to this afflicted breast,
The thought of never-ending rest!
Sweeter the undisturbed and deep
Tranquility of endless sleep.

[*A flash of lightning, out of which* LUCIFER *appears, in the garb of a travelling Physician.*

LUCIFER.

All hail, Prince Henry!

PRINCE.

Who is it speaks?
What may your wish and purpose be?

LUCIFER.

Your Highness, you behold in me
Only a travelling physician;
One of the few who have a mission
To cure incurable diseases,
Or those that are called so.
What is your illness?

PRINCE.

It has no name.
A smouldering, dull, perpetual flame.
Even the doctors of Salern
Send me back word they can discern
No cure for a malady like this,
Save one, which in its nature is
Impossible, and cannot be.

LUCIFER.

What is their remedy?

PRINCE.

You shall see;
Writ in this scroll is the mystery.

LUCIFER. [*Reading.*

"The only remedy that remains
Is the blood that flows from a maiden's veins,
Who of her own free will shall die,
And give her life as the price of yours."
That is the strangest of all cures,
And one I think you will never try.
Meanwhile permit me to recommend,
As the matter admits of no delay,
My wonderful Catholicon,
Of very subtle and magical powers.

PRINCE.

Purge with your nostrums and drugs infernal,
The spouts and gargoyles of these towers,
Not me. My faith is utterly gone
In every power but the Power Supernal.

LUCIFER. [*Showing a flask.*

Behold it here! This little flask
Contains the wonderful quintessence,
The perfect flower and efflorescence
Of all the knowledge man can ask!
'Tis Alcohol, in the Arab speech
Of him whose wondrous lore I teach!

PRINCE.

How limpid, pure, and crystalline!
The little wavelets dance and shine!

LUCIFER. [*Pouring.*

Let not the quantity alarm you;
You may drink all; it will not harm you.

ANGELS.

Ah! what in ambush lurks below!
Woe, woe, eternal woe!
This fearful curse
Shakes the great universe.

LUCIFER. [*Disappearing.*

Drink, drink, and thy soul shall sink
Down into the deep abyss.

PRINCE. [*Drinking.*

Through every vein
I feel again
The fever of youth, the soft desire.
A rapture that is almost pain
Throbs in my heart, and fills my brain.

ANGELS.

Beware, O beware,
For sickness, sorrow, and care,
All are there.

PRINCE. [*Sinking back.*

Golden visions wave and hover,
Golden vapours, waters streaming,
Landscapes moving, changing, gleaming!
I am like a happy lover.

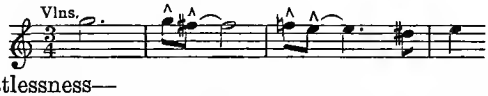
[*His head falls on his book.*

ANGELS. [*Receding.*

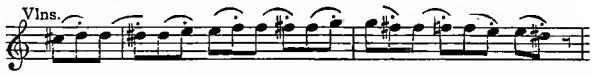
Alas, alas!
Like a vapour, the golden vision
Shall fade and pass.

It should here be pointed out that this work contains no divisions to which the technical term "Number" is applied. Each of the scenes is a continuous musical piece, within the limits of which the composer exercises perfect freedom of form and expression, his only law being regard for the demands of the poetic text. The advantage of this plan depends upon circumstances which, in the present case, are undoubtedly favourable.

A sonorous orchestra is employed (*Allegro*, A minor, $\frac{3}{4}$) to express the agitation and despair of the sick and sleepless Prince. It comprises the whole family of brass and wood, including a piccolo, bass clarinet, double bassoon, and bass tuba. But more suggestive than orchestral colour and form is the theme forming the groundwork of the instrumental prelude. Its accent of distressful excitement cannot be mistaken as heard above the solid harmonies of the brass—

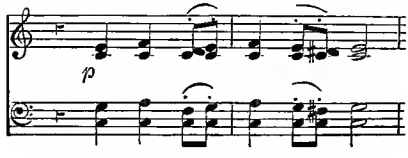
11 

An expression of restlessness—

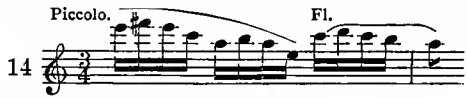
12 

attends the leading theme, without, however, being in any sense a rival, and it is worthy of note that the composer seeks to heighten the intended effect by intervals of silence. Gradually the passionate character of the opening subsides, as though protest gave way to despair. There is less motion, the chords are long drawn, and at the end of a *diminuendo* only the bass strings are heard in a low moan.

Prince Henry's solo (*Andante*, C) consists partly of recitative, partly of passages *a tempo*, the last-named being continuous from the line, "Rest, rest! O give me rest." Here an orchestral phrase becomes prominent, and remains so to the end of the solo—

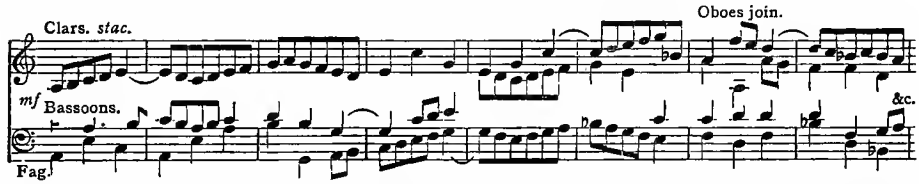
13 

Special "colour" is given it by the following device: The violas and celli (the violins, when used at all, double the voice part in octaves) are divided and muted; with them being grouped the three clarinets, playing their respective parts in unison with the strings. This effective combination is preserved till *Prince Henry* turns to the thought of never-ending rest. Then sustained and solemn diatonic harmonies from the strings alone suggest that "deep tranquility" for which the sufferer longs, at the same time thoughtfully heightening by contrast the surprise of a lightning flash—



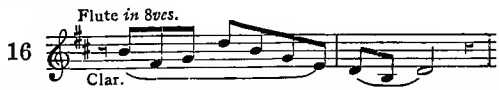
which darts across the scene when *Lucifer* enters.

The Tempter never appears after the Prologue, save in the disguise of a learned or saintly profession. This seems to have determined the composer upon a step characteristic of the humour which all the world knows him to possess. "Doctor" *Lucifer* must needs be accompanied by scholastic music, conceived in the spirit of a time when the art was studied as a science. Hence, as the "travelling physician" reveals himself, the clarinets and bassoons playing *staccato*, open with comical effect as below—



other members of the woodwind family presently joining in succession. To save time and space, let it be said, once for all, that this music invariably accompanies the Fiend, except when he has an "aside," and speaks in his real character. No reference need be made to the voice parts just here. They are declamatory, and the musical interest lies entirely in the orchestra.

As *Prince Henry* describes his illness the movement changes to *Andante*, becoming also agitated and strenuous, the whole force of the brass supporting restless figuration by the strings. Changes, indeed, occur rapidly as the interlocutors respond to each other. But there is a specially significant one when *Lucifer* begins to read the Salerno prescription. Then we hear as, for some time, the sole accompaniment, a phrase given to flute and clarinet in octaves—



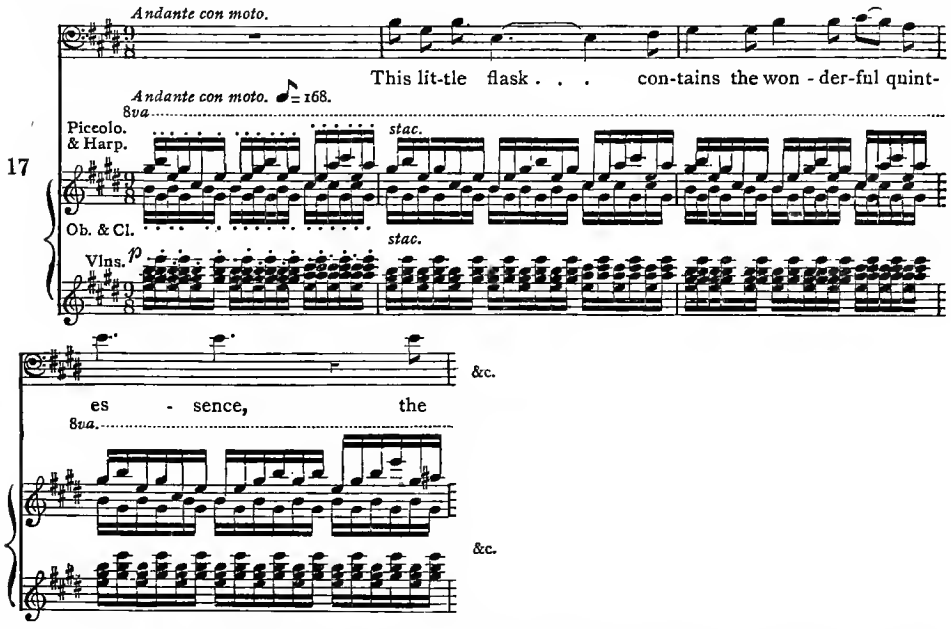
This will be met with again, as *Elsie* expresses her resolve to fulfil the conditions of the cure and sacrifice her life for the Prince.

Another point of interest is found in the impassioned music (*Allegro vivace*) to

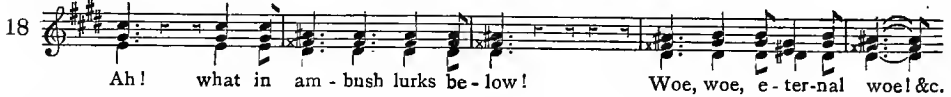
Henry's words, "Purge with your nostrums and drugs infernal," &c., and yet another in that part of the scene where *Lucifer* produces the flask of alcohol. The composer obviously took his cue here from the lines—

"How limpid, pure, and crystalline!
The little wavelets dance and shine!"

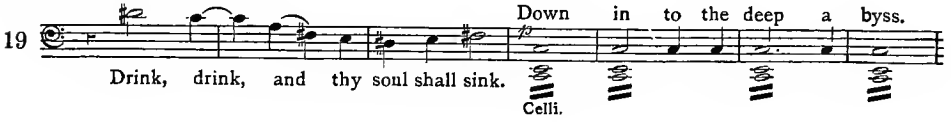
To carry out the idea thus suggested, Sir Arthur Sullivan has tried another ingenious orchestral device. That is to say, he employs two piccolos, flute, two clarinets, harp, and violins, in the execution of arpeggios high up in the scale of each instrument. The sparkle and effervescence of the music thus produced give proof of an end successfully attained. A brief citation will suffice as an example—



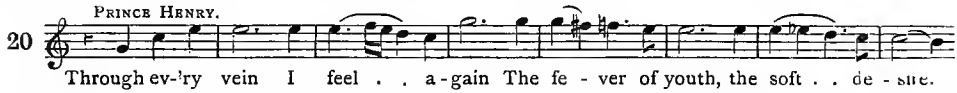
After this manner the accompaniment continues through the solo of *Lucifer*, through the response of the Prince, and the first lamenting chorus of Angels—



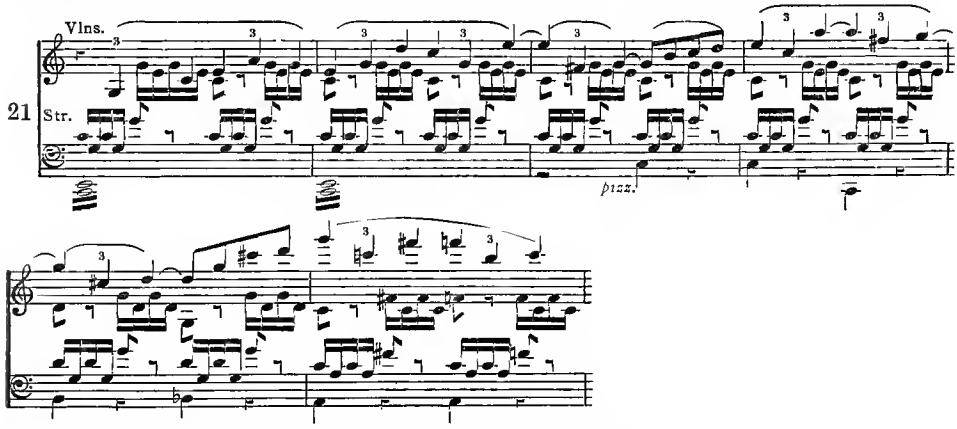
Lucifer's departing cry—



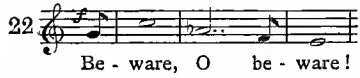
is followed by what may be regarded as the *finale* of the scene (*Allegro vivace, ma non troppo*, C major, C). At this point, after a long spell of quasi-recitative, we welcome a genuine *cantilena*—



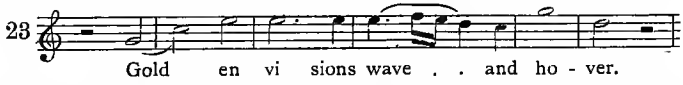
but interest is by no means confined to the voice part. The composer seeks to suggest, in the orchestra, the surging fancies of an excited brain. He does this principally through a violin part, irregular in rhythm, vague in character, now rising to the heights of the instrument, now sinking to its depths—



and thus continuing till the Angels' voices are again heard—



At the line, "Golden visions wave and hover," the theme shown above (Ex. 20) is presented in a partially "augmented" and, therefore, a broader form—



the orchestra being, at the same time, strengthened and given over to a new device. The violins, after doubling the vocal melody for some bars, soar to the highest part of their scale, and there remain, uttering long-drawn notes, while the woodwind and lower strings increasingly busy themselves with undulating passages of crotchet triplets—the "wave" of the golden visions, if the violin high notes represents the "hover." So the *finale* continues to its end, the orchestra becoming fuller and richer, though *pianissimo*, and the plaintive cry of the Angels lending a pathetic interest to the entire fantasy.

SCENE II.

Before the house of Ursula. *Villagers have gathered after labour. Evening.*

Ursula.

Slowly, slowly up the wall,
  Steals the sunshine, steals the shade,
Evening damps begin to fall,
  Evening shadows are displayed.
Shafts of sunshine from the west
  Paint the dusky windows red.
Darker shadows, deeper rest,
  Underneath and overhead.

[*Lamps are lit in the house.*

Evening Hymn.

Villagers.

O gladsome Light
Of the father immortal,
And of the celestial
Sacred and blessed
Jesus our Saviour!

Now to the sunset
Again hast Thou brought us,
And, seeing the evening
Twilight, we bless Thee,
Praise Thee, adore Thee.

Father Omnipotent!
Son, the Life-giver!
Spirit, the Comforter!
Worthy at all times
Of worship and wonder!

Prince Henry. [*At the door.*

Amen.

[*The Villagers disperse to their homes.*

URSULA.

Who was it said Amen ?

ELSIE.

It was the Prince. He is gone again.
Would I could do something for his sake;
Something to cure his sorrow and pain!

URSULA.

That no one can, neither thou nor I,
Nor any one else.

ELSIE.

And must he die?

URSULA.

Unless some maiden of her own accord
Offers her life for that of her lord.

ELSIE.

I will.

URSULA.

Foolish child, be still.

ELSIE.

I mean it truly; for his sake
I will myself the offering make,
And give my life to purchase his.

URSULA.

My child, my child, thou must not die!

ELSIE.

Why should I live? do I not know
The life of woman is full of woe?
Toiling on and on and on,
With breaking heart and tearful eyes,
And silent lips, and in the soul
The secret longings that arise,
Which this world never satisfies!

URSULA.

Ah, woe is me! Ah, woe is me!
Alas that I should live to see
  Thy death, belovèd, and to stand
Above thy grave. Ah woe the day!

ELSIE.

Thou wilt not see it. I shall lie
  Beneath the flowers of another land,
  For at Salerno, far away,
  Over the mountains, over the sea,
  It is appointed me to die.

URSULA.

In God's own time, my heart's delight,
  When He shall call thee; not before.

ELSIE.

I heard Him call. When Christ ascended
  Triumphantly from star to star,
  He left the gates of Heaven ajar.
I had a vision in the night
  And saw Him standing at the door
Of His Father's mansion, vast and splendid,
  And beckoning to me from afar.

URSULA. [*Entering the house.*

What if this were of God! Ah! then
Gainsay dare I not. Amen.

ELSIE. [*Left alone.*

My Redeemer and my Lord,
  I beseech Thee, I entreat Thee,
Guide me in each act and word,
  That hereafter I may meet Thee,
Watching, waiting, hoping, yearning,
With my lamp well trimmed and burning.

If my feeble prayer can reach Thee,
O, my Saviour, I beseech Thee,
Let me follow where Thou leadest,
Let me, bleeding as Thou bleedest,
Die, if dying I may give
Life to one who asks to live;
And more nearly,
Dying thus, resemble Thee.

[PRINCE HENRY *enters.*

ELSIE.

My life is little—
Only a cup of water
But pure and limpid;
Take it, O my prince;
Let it refresh you,
Let it restore you,
May God bless the gift!

ANGELS.

Amen.

PRINCE.

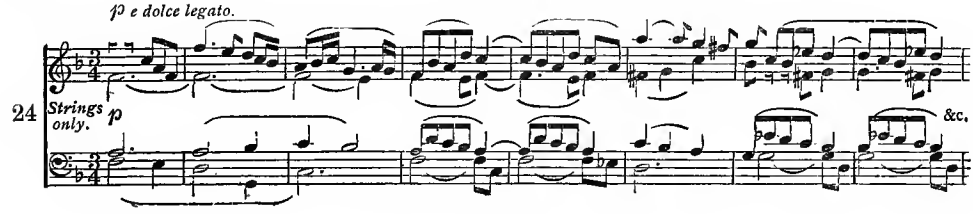
And the giver.

ANGELS.

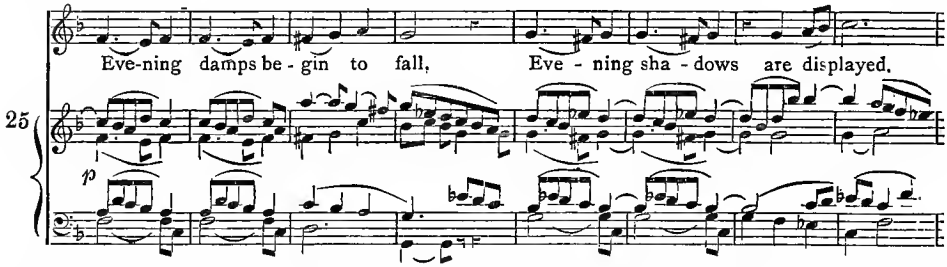
Amen.

[*The* PRINCE *and* ELSIE *pass slowly into the house. It is now dark.*

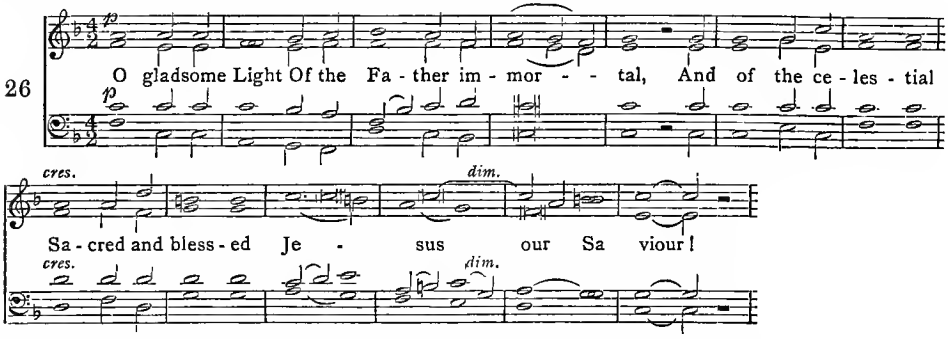
The peace and quiet of eventide are reflected in the opening music of this scene, which flows tranquilly along, subdued in colour and, in every sense, undemonstrative. Thus, the orchestral Prelude (*Andante tranquillo*, F major, $\frac{3}{4}$) is wholly confined to the strings. Its tender, gentle spirit may be indicated by quoting the first few bars—



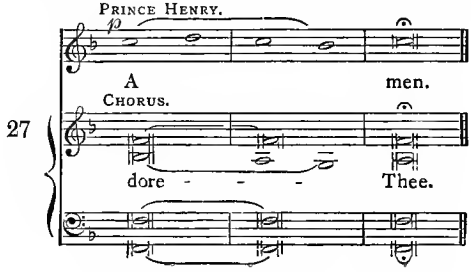
The prelude subject does not enter into the vocal theme of *Ursula's* song, "Slowly, slowly up the wall," but the entire movement may be regarded as having a continuation in the orchestral accompaniment (strings only). The song, indeed, is a development of the Prelude, *plus* a voice part. An example appears below—



From this quiet, meditative strain to an Evening Hymn in four-part vocal harmony (unaccompanied) seems to be a natural and logical step, especially as the music is of the simplest description—that of a sacred folk-song. The composer here relies on the effect of a plain melody and diatonic harmonies. He will not be tempted from these by more ambitious suggestions, and he is right, for his music is true, and goes straight to the heart—

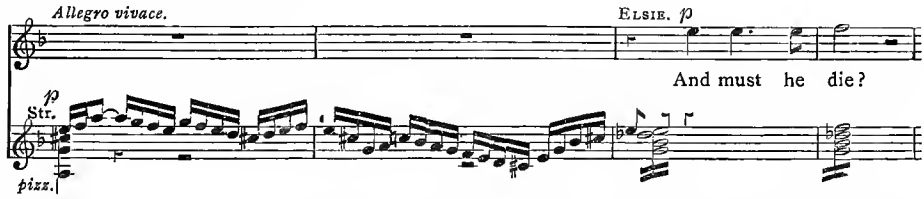


Prince Henry, standing at the cottage door, sings his "Amen" thus—

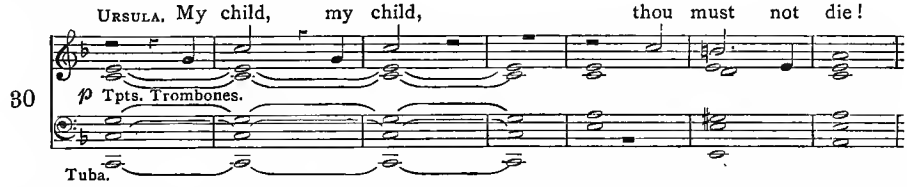


The duet (*Andante*, F major, C) for *Elsie* and *Ursula*, which follows, begins with an orchestral phrase heard in Scene I. during *Lucifer's* reading of the Salerno prescription—

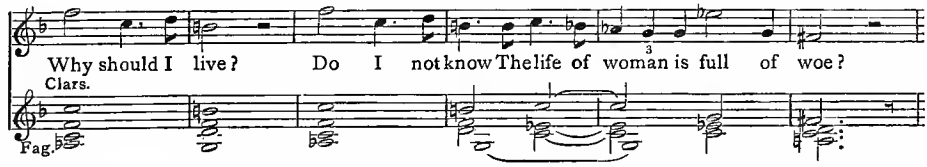
Its quaver "figure" evidently suggests the string accompaniment to *Elsie's* words, "Would I could do something for his sake"; but one more impetuous attends her question "And must he die?"—



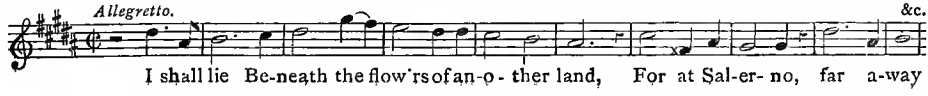
This would seem to be derived from a similar passage for violins, which, in Scene I., attends the words, "And give her life as the price of yours." It is largely used during the present agitated dialogue, in company with others that need not be specifically mentioned. Among the points which here force themselves on observation is the sudden entrance of the trumpets, trombones, and tuba, playing soft chords, as *Ursula* exclaims "My child, thou must not die!"—



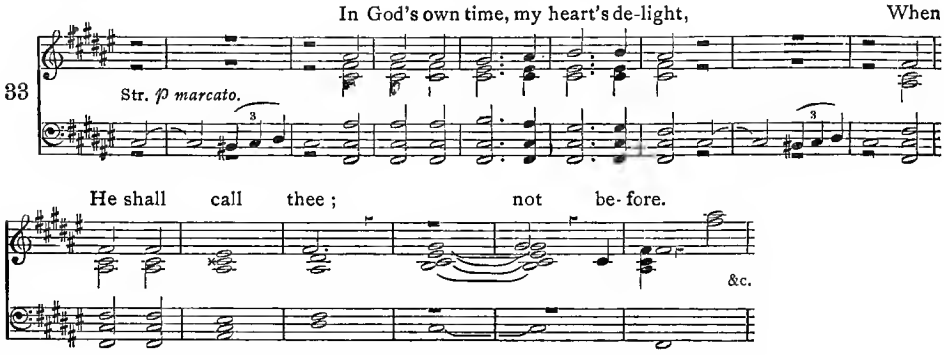
highly contrasting with this colour being the use of oboes, clarinets, and bassoons only, in accompaniment of *Elsie's* reply, "Why should I live?" &c.—



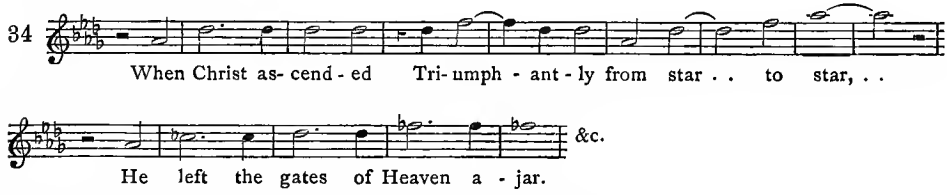
The maiden's assurance to *Ursula* regarding her death, "Thou wilt not see it. I shall lie beneath the flowers of another land," brings in a vocal melody which, afterwards, at Salerno, accompanies her words, "Weep not for me"—



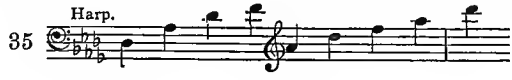
Ursula's response, "In God's own time," is, musically, the utterance of a devotional spirit calm in its implicit faith—



effectively contrasting therewith being the impassioned solo of the girl, whose fervour carries her into pietistic rhapsody. As *Elsie* proceeds to relate her vision of Christ standing at the door of Heaven she uses a broad and noble strain, having the very spirit of religious exaltation—



The accompaniment is characteristic. It consists of fluttering broken chords for the divided strings, the woodwind, including *cor Anglais* and bass clarinet, sustaining, while the harp enters at the close of each phrase with a slow ascending *arpeggio*—



The effect of such means is necessarily ethereal in character, and, therefore, appropriate. *Ursula's* reflection, "What if this were of God?" is accompanied only by a soft drum-roll, but the duet ends with full and solemn harmonies on her "Amen."

Elsie's prayer (*Andante*), "My Redeemer and my Lord," affords another illustration of the happy use to which the composer puts simple means. For some time he accompanies only with a *cor Anglais*, that expressive instrument having an independent melody, which, combined with the voice, secures a peculiarly touching effect—

36 *Andante.* Cor Anglais. ELSIE. My Re-deem - er and my Lord, I be-seech Thee, I en-treat Thee, Guide me in each act and word, That here &c.

When the strings enter it is to attend upon a phrase heard again as *Lucifer* (in Scene III.) calls *Elsie* the "most ethereal, most divine" of his intended victims—

37 Vlns. 1. *in 8ves. with Voice.* If . . . my fee - - ble prayer can reach Thee, Str. *p*

This passage determines the character of all the after part of the solo. The flowing quavers occur everywhere in the orchestra; as in the extract below, for example—

38 Thee, O, . . my Sa - viour, Let me die, . . if dy - ing Strings & Wood. *p*

and thus the maiden's calm assurance finds musical expression. The whole tone of the solo is in keeping.

Elsie's offer to *Prince Henry*, "My life is little," &c., rivals her prayer in refine ment and reticence of means. Only two flutes accompany the unpretending vocal phrases—

39 ELSIE. My life is lit - tle, On - ly a cup of wa - ter, But pure and lim - pid; &c. Flutes.

Following the Angels' "Amen" comes a prolonged *ritornello*, suggested by the accompaniment of *Elsie's* prayer. As this goes on *Prince Henry* and the maiden pass slowly into the house, and with it the Scene ends.

SCENE III.

On the road to Salerno. PRINCE HENRY, ELSIE, *and their Attendants.*

ELSIE.

Onward and onward the highway runs to the distant city, impatiently bearing
Tidings of human joy and disaster, of love and of hate, of doing and daring!

PRINCE HENRY.

This life of ours is a wild Æolian harp of many a joyous strain,
But under them all there runs a loud perpetual wail, as of souls in pain.

ELSIE.

All the hedges are white with dust, while onward the horses toil and strain.

PRINCE HENRY.

Now they stop at the wayside inn, and the waggoner laughs with the landlord's daughter.

ELSIE.

All through life there are wayside inns, where man may refresh his soul with love;
Even the lowest may quench his thirst at rivulets fed by springs from above.

[*They turn down a green lane.*

Sweet is the air with the budding haws, and the valley stretching for miles below
Is white with blossoming cherry trees, as if just covered with lightest snow.

PRINCE HENRY.

Hark, what sweet sounds art those, whose accents holy
Fill the warm noon with music sad and sweet?

ELSIE.

It is a band of pilgrims moving slowly
On their long journey, with uncovered feet.

PILGRIMS.

[*Chanting the hymn to St. Hildebert.*

Me receptet Sion illa,
Sion David, urbs tranquilla,
Cujus faber auctor lucis,
Cujus portæ lignum crucis,
Cujus clavis lingua Petri,
Cujus cives semper læti,
Cujus muri lapis vivus,
Cujus custos Rex festivus!

LUCIFER.

[*As a Friar in the procession.*

Here am I, too, in the pious band,
The soles of my feet are hard and tanned.
There is my German Prince again,
Far on his journey to Salern,
And the love-sick girl, whose heated brain
Is sowing the cloud to reap the rain;
But it's a long road that has no turn!
Let them quietly hold their way,
I have also a part in the play.
But first I must act to my heart's content
This mummery and this merriment,
And drive this motley flock of sheep
Into the fold where drink and sleep
The jolly old friars of Benevent.
Of a truth, it often provokes me to laugh,
To see these beggars hobble along,
Lamed and maimed and fed upon chaff,
Chanting their wonderful piff and paff,
And, to make up for not understanding the song,
Singing it fiercely, and wild, and strong!

PILGRIMS.

In hâc urbe, lux solennis,
Ver æternum, pax perennis;
In hâc odor implens cœlos,
In hâc semper festum melos!

[*The pilgrims pass on, their chant is heard in the distance.*

Urbs cœlestis, urbs beata,
Supra petram collocata,
Urbs in portu satis tuto,
De longinquo te saluto,
Te saluto, te suspiro,
Te affecto, te requiro!

[PRINCE HENRY, ELSIE, *and Attendants journey on. They reach a height overlooking the sea and encamp. Evening.*

PRINCE HENRY.

It is the sea, it is the sea,
In all its vague immensity;
Fading and darkening in the distance!
Silent, majestical, and slow
The white ships haunt it to and fro,
With all their ghostly sails unfurled,
As phantoms from another world
Haunt the dim confines of existence.

ELSIE.

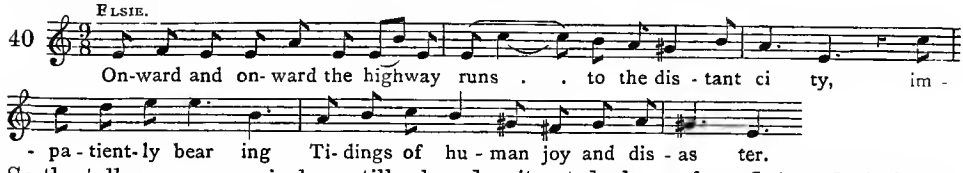
The night is calm and cloudless,
  And still as still can be,
The stars come forth to listen
  To the music of the sea;
In snow-white robes uprising
  The ghostly choirs respond,
And sadly and unceasing
  The mournful voice sings on,
  And the snow-white choirs still answer,
    Christe eleison!

ATTENDANTS.

The night is calm and cloudless,
  And still as still can be,
The stars come forth to listen
  To the music of the sea;
In snow-white robes uprising
  The ghostly choirs respond,
And sadly and unceasing
  The mournful voice sings on,
  And the snow-white choirs still answer,
    Christe eleison!

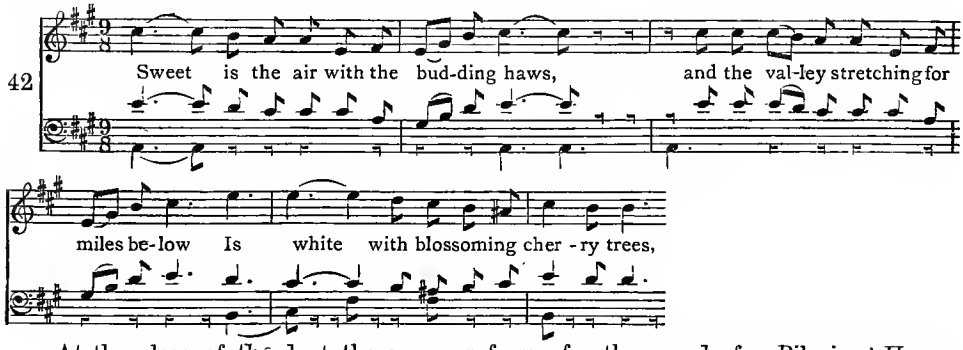
The pleasant dialogue with which this scene opens is set to music (*Allegretto moderato*, A minor, $\frac{9}{8}$) that may well be called conversational. It requires no repetition of a single word, and runs on with ease and fluency, the orchestra attending with a rhythmical accompaniment, which perhaps suggests the clatter of the Prince's cavalcade

as it moves along the road. The vocal phrases have almost a uniform character, and an example may be taken from the first that offer—

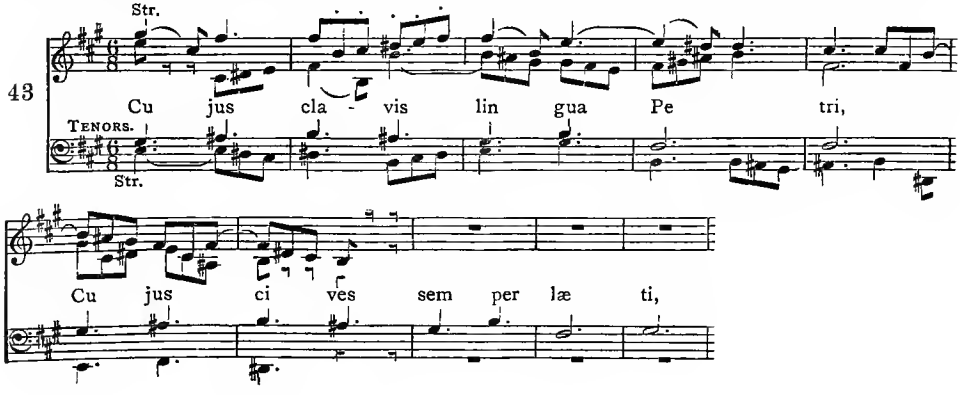


So the talk goes expressively on till a broad, reiterated phrase from flute and clarinet—

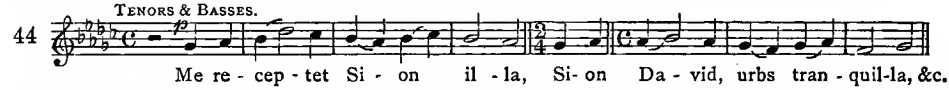
marks the opening up of a new prospect as the riders turn down a green lane. Observe here the bright change from B flat to A major. Now the voices, before heard separately, join in harmony, singing as those sing to whom the beauties of Nature have brought a sense of outward calm and inward peace—



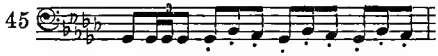
At the close of the duet there comes from afar the sound of a Pilgrims' Hymn. Here mark another instance of the composer's thoughtfulness. The sacred strains are supposed not to arrest attention at once, wherefore the orchestra, by repeating some of the phrases of the duet, suggests that *Elsie* and the Prince are still in conversation—



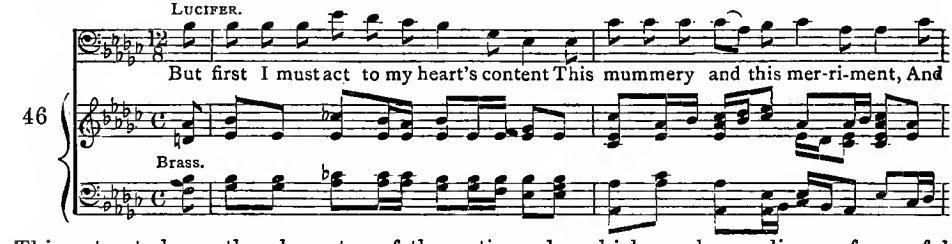
Presently the Prince hears the advancing music, and then the instrumental dialogue at once ceases. As the Pilgrims draw near their chant is supported more and more fully by the orchestra, till at last it monopolises attention. As thus formally presented (*Andante*, G flat major), it has no effects of harmony, the only accompaniment (three clarinets and bassoons) being in unison with the voices—



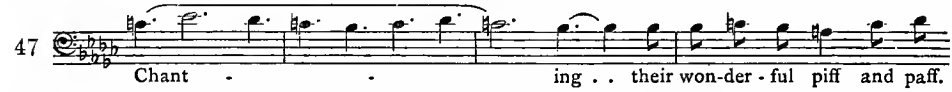
At the last phrase of the Hymn, as thus given, the shadow of *Lucifer* is thrown forward in the shape of a rhythmic figure—



followed by the Fiend himself, with the trombones and tuba behind him. His mocking phrases are heard above the resumed Hymn, which, however, is soon hushed, leaving *Lucifer* in full possession of the field. He is not now the medical scholar, and no scholastic accompaniment waits on his words. He speaks in his true character, and the brass instruments, with flippant rhythm, give impudent emphasis to his words—

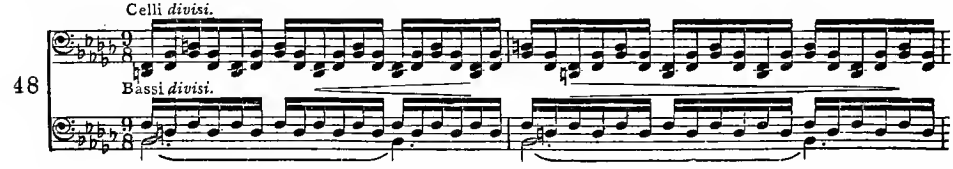


This extract shows the character of the entire solo, which reaches a climax of scornful daring when *Lucifer* imitates the Pilgrims' chant—

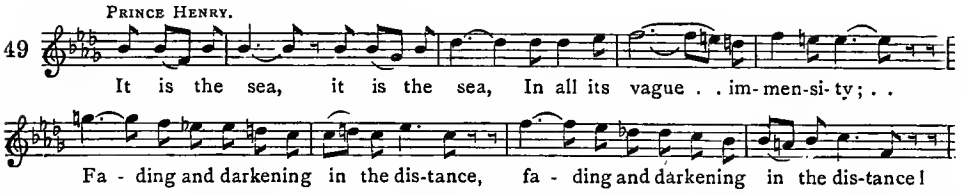


just before it is again taken up by those who have a better right to it. The voice of the Fiend ceases, but the chant significantly continues with triumphant fulness till, as the Pilgrims pass on, it gradually dies away; *Elsie* remarking that the sound "fills the warm noon with music sad and sweet."

This episode ended, the orchestra, by repeating some phrases of the duet, intimates that the journey and the conversation are resumed. But soon a new source of interest arises. The travellers are approaching the sea, and hear its distant murmur—

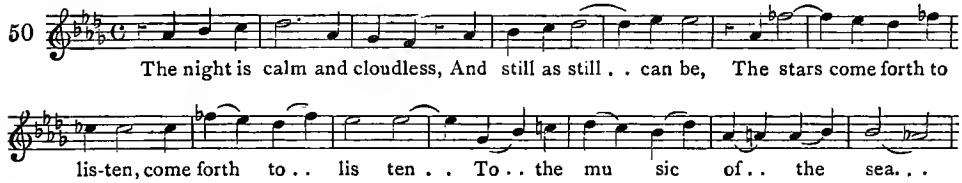


which presently becomes continuous, and increases in strength, so leading up to *Prince Henry's* solo, "It is the sea" (*Un poco più lento*, B flat). The noise of the waters goes on throughout this movement, the aim of the accompaniment generally being to intensify its descriptive power. Thematic interest, of course, lies with the voice, and here we have a genuine rhythmical melody—



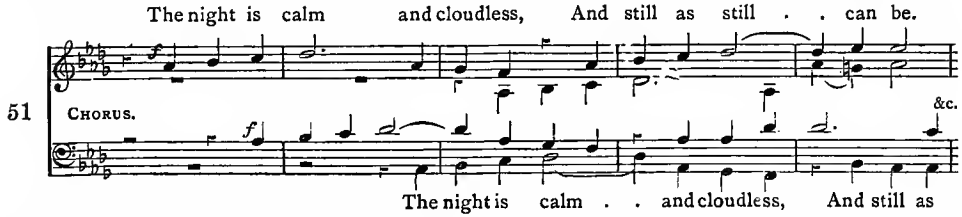
some phrases of which are doubled, with good effect, by the *cor Anglais*. At the line, "Silent, majestical, and slow," the accompaniment ceases, but quickly resumes and remains unvarying to the end. The rich and changeful harmony of this solo will speak for itself with eloquence sufficient.

Elsie follows in an air (*Andante tranquillo*, D flat, $^{12}_{8}$), "The night is calm and cloudless," which opens as peacefully as possible; the strings pulsating in chords of repeated quavers, while the voice proceeds thus—



Independent phrases for the woodwind are very noticeable here, and add much to the attraction of the music, standing well out, as they do, from the mere harmony of the strings. But supremacy of thematic interest lies with the vocal melody, which, in spirit as well as form, answers the demands of the truly poetic lines.

After a full tonic close on the words "Christe eleison," the chorus takes up the theme of the solo, now harmonised in four parts, beginning with a point of imitation—



Presently the solo voice joins the *ensemble*, as does the entire orchestra, and, with a fine climax, the scene reaches its close.

SCENE IV.

The Medical School at Salerno, LUCIFER *dressed as a doctor.*

LUCIFER.

My guests approach! There is in the air
An odour of innocence and of prayer!
I cannot breathe such an atmosphere;
My soul is filled with a nameless fear,
That after all my restless endeavour,
The most ethereal, most divine,
Will escape from my hands for ever and ever.
But the other is already mine.

[*Enter* PRINCE HENRY *and* ELSIE, *with Attendants.*

PRINCE.

Can you direct us to Friar Angelo?

LUCIFER.

He stands before you.

PRINCE.

Then you know our purpose.
I am Prince Henry of Hoheneck, and this
The maiden that I spake of.

LUCIFER.

Does she
Without compulsion, of her own free will,
Consent to this?

PRINCE.

Against all opposition.
She will not be persuaded.

LUCIFER. [*To* ELSIE.

Have you thought well of it?

ELSIE.

I come not here to argue,
But to die.

ATTENDANTS.

O pure in heart! from thy sweet dust shall grow
Lilies, upon whose petals will be written
"Ave Maria" in characters of gold!

ELSIE. [*To the Attendants.*

Weep not, my friends! rather rejoice with me,
I shall not feel the pain, but shall be gone,
And you will have another friend in heaven.
There is no more to say, let us go in.

PRINCE.

Not one step further! I only meant
To put thy courage to the proof.
Friar Angelo! I charge you on your life,
Believe not what she says, for she is mad.

ELSIE.

Alas! Prince Henry!

LUCIFER.

Come with me this way.

[ELSIE *goes in with* LUCIFER, *who thrusts* PRINCE HENRY *back, and closes the door.*

PRINCE.

Gone, and the light of all my life gone with her!
A sudden darkness falls upon the world.
[*To the Attendants.*
Why did you not lay hold on her and keep her
From self-destruction? Angelo! Murderer!
[*Struggles at the door, but cannot open it.*

ELSIE. [*Within.*

Farewell, dear Prince, farewell!

PRINCE AND ATTENDANTS.

Unbar the door!

LUCIFER.

It is too late!

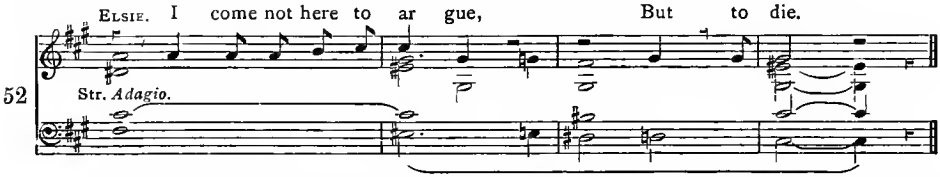
PRINCE AND ATTENDANTS.

It shall not be too late!

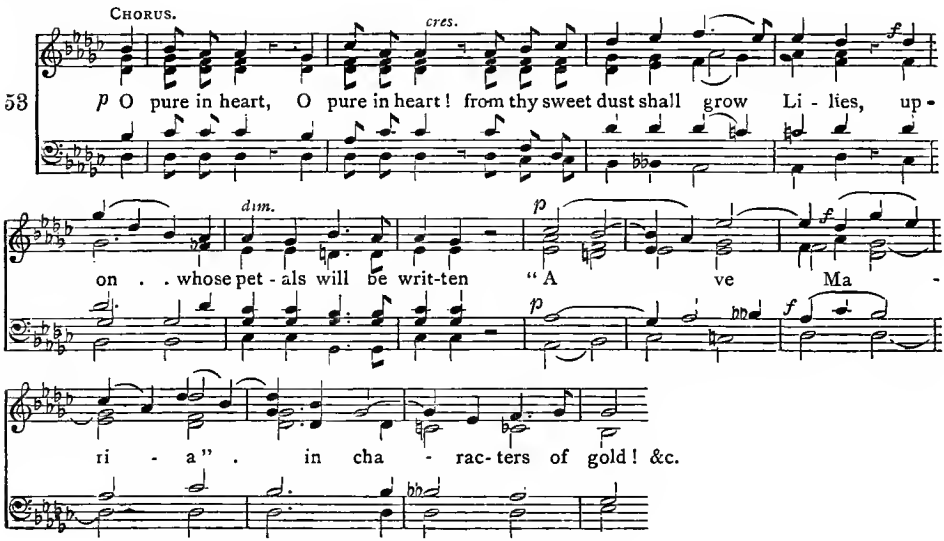
[*They burst the door open and rush in.*

Lucifer's soliloquy before the arrival of his "guests" calls for little remark, after what has been already said. Being again a learned Doctor, he is introduced by the quaint, scholastic music which accompanied him in Scene I. But this ceases when he begins to speak; partly, perhaps, that the flowing phrase which in *Elsie's* song, "My Redeemer and my Lord," waited on the words, "If my feeble prayer can reach Thee," may perform a similar office for the description of her as "most ethereal, most divine."

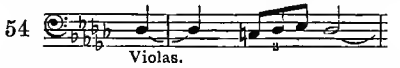
Prince Henry is ushered into the presence of *Friar Angelo* by a dignified orchestral passage (*Allegro maestoso*), portions of which re-appear in the subsequent dialogue, but nothing calls for special remark till a short *Adagio* is reached, in which *Elsie* quietly and firmly says: "I come not here to argue, But to die." This is a happy touch—



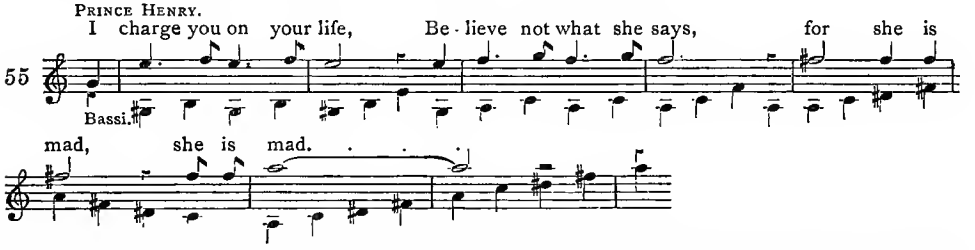
It is immediately followed by one of the most beautiful and affecting parts of the work—a choral setting (unaccompanied) of the lines: "O pure in heart! from thy sweet dust shall grow," &c. The temptation to quote all of it is hard to resist, but a portion must suffice—



In this manner the too brief chorus proceeds to an affecting close. It is connected with *Elsie's* solo: "Weep not, my friends," by a passage for the violas—

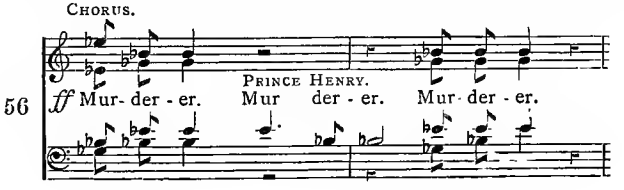


before heard, when *Ursula* pleaded "In God's own time, my heart's delight,' while the solo itself embodies the melody to which, in Scene II., the maiden sang, "For at Salerno, far away, over the mountains, over the sea, it is appointed me to die." *Prince Henry's* somewhat tardy protest against *Elsie's* resolve is a dramatic point, and earnest enough to be sincere—

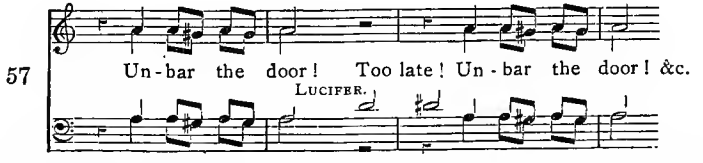


Moreover, it enables the trombones and tuba accompanying *Elsie's* reproachful exclamation, "Alas, Prince Henry," to effect a vivid and striking contrast by means of their sustained and solemn harmonies.

The dramatic climax of the scene (we pass over several points that will be understood at once) is certainly not over elaborated, yet quite long enough for a situation which cannot, in the very nature of the case, be extended. While the orchestration here is of a conventional character there is special force in passages like this—



and this—



which give indication sufficient of the very graphic style in which the composer has dealt with an exciting incident.

SCENE V.

URSULA'S *Cottage.*

URSULA.

[*Looking through the open door.*

Who is it coming under the trees?
A man in the Prince's livery dressed!
He fills my heart with strange alarm!

[*Enter a Forester.*

FORESTER.

Is this the tenant Gottlieb's farm?

URSULA.

This is his farm and I his wife.

FORESTER.

News from the Prince!

URSULA.

Of death or life?

FORESTER.

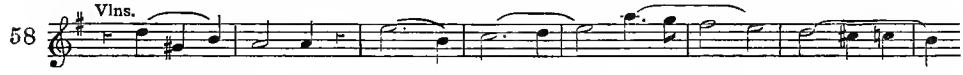
Your daughter lives, and the Prince is well.
You will learn, ere long, how it all befell.
  Her heart for a moment never failed;
But when they reached Salerno's gate,
  The Prince's nobler self prevailed,
And saved her for a nobler fate.

URSULA.

Virgin, who lovest the poor and lowly,
  If the loud cry of a mother's heart
  Can ever ascend to where thou art,
Into thy blessed hands and holy,

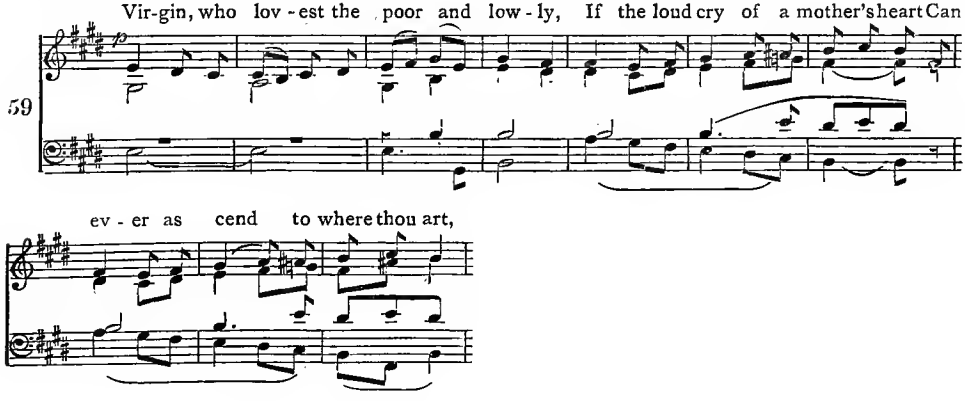
Receive my prayer of praise and thanksgiving,
Our child who was dead again is living.
O bring me to her; for mine eyes
  Are hungry to behold her face;
My very soul within me cries;
My very hands seem to caress her,
To see her, gaze at her, and bless her;
  Dear Elsie, child of God and grace!

The music to the dialogue between *Ursula* and the *Forester* is so clear in character and purport that no explanatory remarks are called for by it. A reference to the stately orchestral passage which ushered *Prince Henry* into the presence of *Friar Angelo* at Salerno will instantly be noticed, as also will a citation of the phrase—

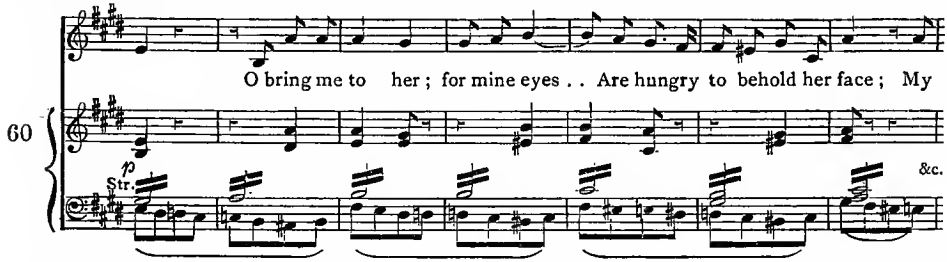


first connected (Scene II.) with the words "Over the mountains, over the sea," next (Scene IV.) with "And you will have another friend in heaven," but, now, with "Her heart for a moment never failed."

Ursula's solo, "Virgin, who lovest the poor and lowly" (*Andante allegretto*, E major, $\frac{2}{4}$), is cast in regular aria form—principal subject, episode, return of principal subject. The strings only accompany the vocal melody, which affords another example of deep and heart-felt expression. What can be simpler, yet, in its way, more eloquent than the leading subject?—



The episode is less tranquil, since it has to express *Ursula's* eagerness for sight of her daughter. But its character is fairly uniform, and a short example will suffice—



When the first subject comes back it is soon varied, to suit the exigencies of a *Coda* with which the air ends as tranquilly as it began.

SCENE VI.

The Castle of Vautsberg on the Rhine. PRINCE HENRY *and* ELSIE *stand on the Terrace. It is the evening of their marriage day. The sound of bells heard from a distance.*

PRINCE.

We are alone; the wedding guests
Ride down the hill with plumes and cloaks,
And the descending dark invests
The forests hoar and haunted oaks.

ELSIE.

What bells are those that ring so slow,
So mellow, musical, and low?

PRINCE.

They are the bells of Geisenheim
That with their melancholy chime
Ring out the curfew of the sun.

ELSIE.

Listen, beloved!

PRINCE.

They are done.
Dear Elsie, many years ago
These same soft bells at eventide
Rang in the ears of Charlemagne,
As, seated by Fastrada's side
At Ingelheim, in all his pride,
He heard their sound with secret pain.

ELSIE.

Their voices only speak to me
Of peace and deep tranquility,
And endless confidence in thee.

PRINCE.

Thou know'st the story of her ring,
How when the court went back to Aix,
Fastrada died; and how the king
Sat watching by her night and day.
Till into one of the blue lakes
Which water that delicious land,
They cast the ring drawn from her hand;
And the great monarch sat serene
And sad beside the fated shore,
Nor left the land for evermore.

ELSIE.

That was true love.

PRINCE.

For him the queen
Ne'er did what thou hast done for me.

ELSIE.

Wilt thou as fond and faithful be?
Wilt thou so love me after death?

PRINCE.

Thou hast Fastrada's ring. Beneath
The calm blue waters of thine eyes,
Deep in thy steadfast soul it lies,
And, undisturb'd by this world's breath,
With magic light its jewels shine.

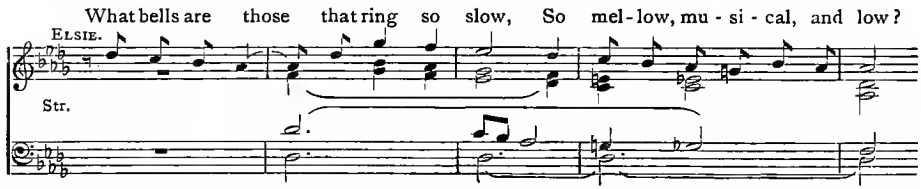
BOTH.

In life's delight, in death's dismay,
In storm and sunshine, night and day.
In health and sickness, in decay,
Here and hereafter I am thine.

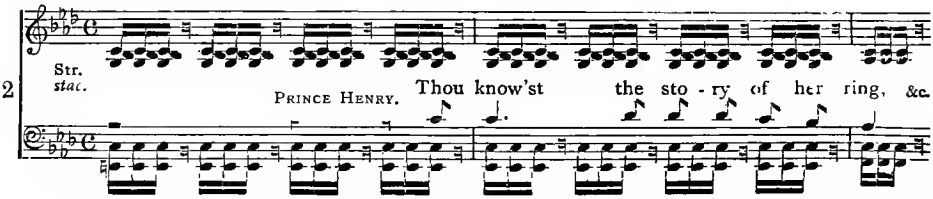
[*They go in.*

The duet which occupies all the final scene opens (*Andante tranquillo*, D flat, $\frac{3}{4}$) with the bell music demanded by the words. Bells are actually employed in the score, and lightly struck, to convey an idea of distance; while, above them, piccolo, flutes, *cor Anglais*, clarinets, and harp have passages which might stand of themselves for the desired effect, provided only a suggestion be required. The material of this prelude serves also for interludes when the voices enter.

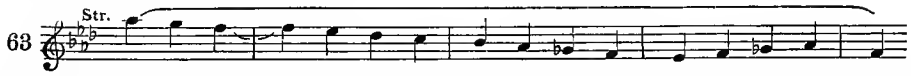
Elsie's question concerning the bells is worth quoting—



and a good deal in her husband's more extended answer deserves notice, especially the quietly flowing accompaniment, which recalls that of *Ursula's* solo, "Slowly, slowly up the wall." On the line, "Thou know'st the story of her ring," the orchestral music changes its character for awhile—



but soon resumes its pristine tranquility, important use being made of a theme given to all the strings in octaves (double basses excepted), as the picture of Charlemagne sitting serenely by the lake is drawn—



The continuation of the duet, and the *ensemble* of the voices at the end, will tell their own effective story. All is simple, and simply beautiful.

CHORAL EPILOGUE.

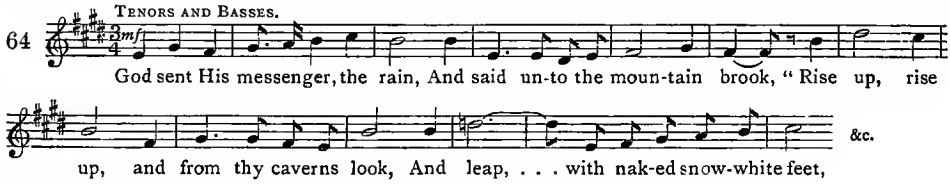
God sent His messenger, the rain,
And said unto the mountain brook,
"Rise up, and from thy caverns look,
And leap, with naked snow-white feet,
From the cool hills into the heart
Of the broad and arid plain."

God sent His messenger of faith,
And whispered in the maiden's heart,
"Rise up, and look from where thou art,
And scatter with unselfish hands
Thy freshness on the barren sands
And solitudes of death."

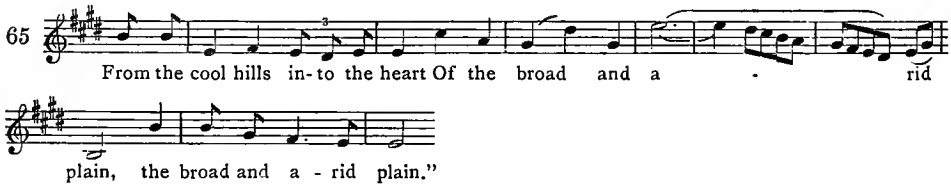
The deed divine
Is written in characters of gold
That never shall grow old,
But through all ages
Burn and shine!

After a short orchestral exordium (*Andante maestoso*, E major, $\frac{3}{4}$), anticipating the vocal theme, and confined to the brass instruments, the male-voice chorus has a fine, broad melody to sing in unison, with a light accompaniment of strings, horns, and wood-

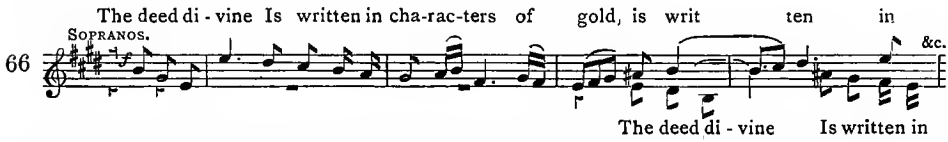
wind. This melody is one of the best features in the work. It is a genuine tune, of unimpeachable symmetry, and decided character. Thus it begins—



and thus it grandly ends—



The same subject is next taken up by the female voices, to a similar accompaniment, and followed by a fugue having as its theme a phrase which preluded and accompanied *Ursula's* solo, "Slowly, slowly up the wall," in Scene II.—



This is worked out in spirited style, and with masterly ease; the whole ending with the original melody, sung by all the voices in unison, and accompanied by the full power of orchestra. So the work ends with triumphant expression.

IMPORTANT TO ALL.

As a natural product of nature, use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the BLOOD PURE. Without such a simple precaution the JEOPARDY of life is immensely increased. As a means of keeping the system clear, and thus taking away the groundwork of Malarious Diseases, and all Liver Complaints, or as a Health-giving, Refreshing, Cooling, and Invigorating Beverage, or as a Gentle Laxative and Tonic in the various Forms of Indigestion.

From the Rev. J. W. NEIL, Holy Trinity Church, North Shields.

"November 1, 1873.

"DEAR SIR,—As an illustration of the beneficial effects of your 'Fruit Salt,' I have no hesitation in giving the particulars of the case of one of my friends. Sluggish action of the liver and Bilious Headache affected him, so that he was obliged to live upon only a few articles of diet, and to be most sparing in their use. This did nothing in effecting a cure, although persevered in for twenty-five years, and also consulting eminent members of the faculty. By the use of your 'Fruit Salt' he now enjoys the vigorous health he so long coveted, he has never had a headache or constipation since he commenced to use it, about six months ago, and can partake of his food to the great satisfaction to himself and friends. There are others to whom your remedy has been so beneficial in various complaints, that you may well extend its use, *pro bono publico.* I find it makes a very refreshing and exhilarating drink.—I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully.

"To J. C. ENO, Esq. "J. W. NEIL."

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked "ENO'S FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by worthless imitations. Sold by all Chemists. Prepared only at

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

DISORDERED STOMACH AND BILIOUS ATTACKS.

A Gentleman writes: "Dec. 27, 1887.—After twelve months' experience of the value of the 'VEGETABLE MOTO,' I unhesitatingly recommend their use in preference to any other medicine, more particularly in bilious attacks; their action is so gentle and yet so effective that nothing equals them in my opinion. They have never failed to give the wished-for relief. I take them at any hour, and frequently in conjunction with a small glass of Eno's 'Fruit Salt.'—Yours gratefully,—ONE WHO KNOWS."

ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO," of all Chemists, price 1s. 1½d.; post free, 1s. 3d.

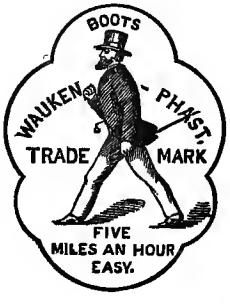
ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, Pomeroy Street, LONDON, S.E.

WAUKENPHAST'S

Celebrated Boots and Shoes for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Telegraphic Address:

"WAUKENPHAST, LONDON."



Special Notice to Ladies.

WAUKENPHAST & CO. *desire respectfully to call the attention of their lady patrons to their splendid assortment of* GLACÉ KID BUTTON BOOTS, *and* GLACÉ KID SHOES, *for every season.*

These goods are made on their new and improved lasts in 594 *different fittings, and may be relied on for material and workmanship of the highest class.*

COOPER COOPER & CO.

ARE NOW SELLING

TEA OF ROBUST STRENGTH

CEYLON, INDIAN, & CHINA GROWTH,

At 1s. 4d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 8d., and 2s. a Pound,

And there is NO SUCH VALUE sold in the United Kingdom at these Prices.

Finer Teas of Choicest and Most Select Qualities, 3s., 2s. 6d., & 2s. a Pound,

AT A COMMISSION ONLY ON THE PRICE PAID IN EASTERN MARKETS.

THREEPENCE only is the charge made by COOPER COOPER & CO. for sending Packages of TEA from Four to Ten pounds in weight, by Parcels Post, to any part of the United Kingdom.

SAMPLES POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

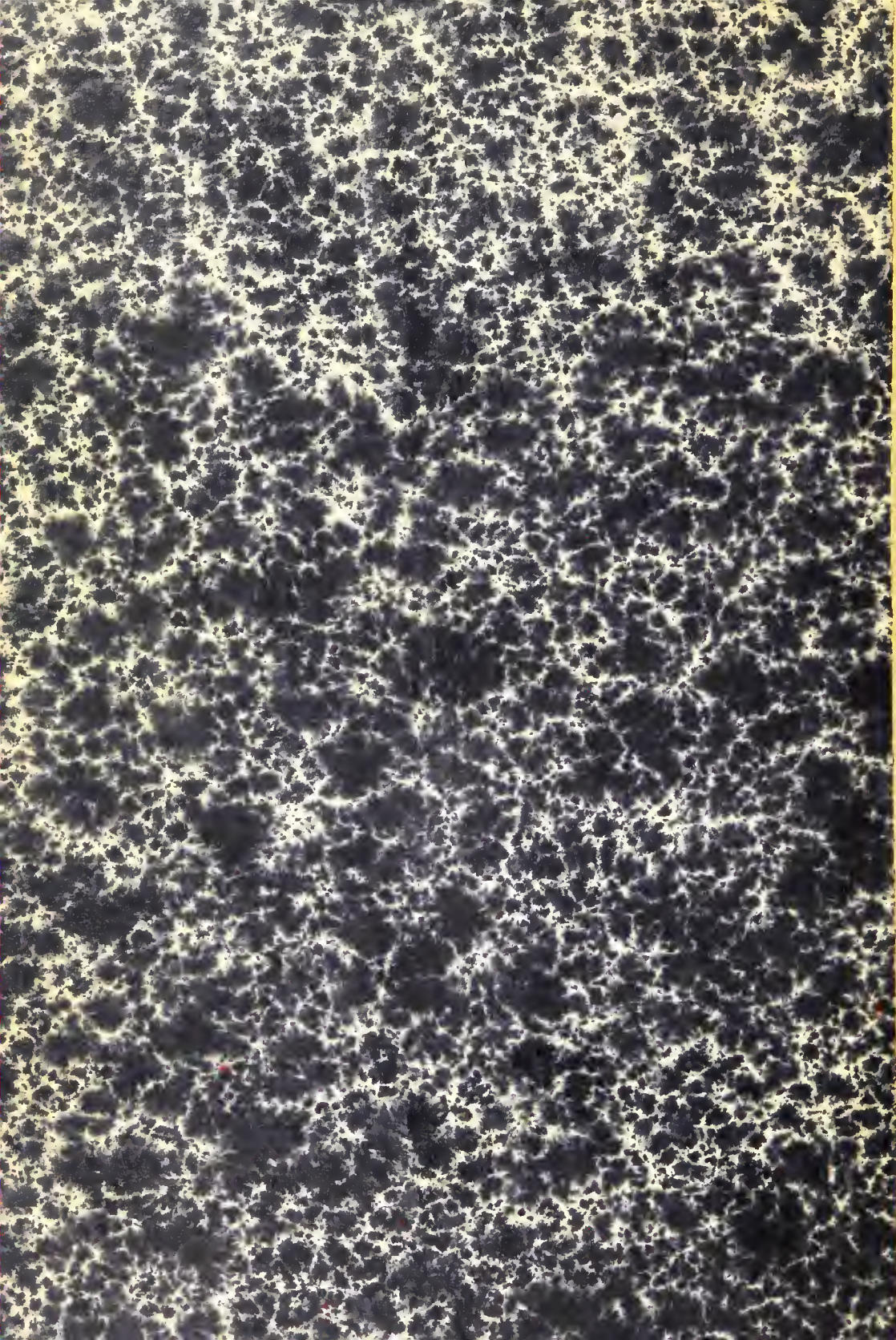
COOPER COOPER & CO.

CHIEF OFFICE:

50, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.

BRANCHES:

LONDON.
- 63, Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.
- 268, Regent Circus, W.
- 35, Strand (near Charing Cross), W.
- 21, Westbourne Grove, W.
- 334, High Holborn, W.C.
- 266, Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.
- 98, Shoreditch, High Street, E.

20 and 21, East Street, BRIGHTON.

CHARLES DICKENS AND EVANS, CRYSTAL PALACE PRESS.